

DAME FASHION AND SOCIETY SET ARE FORCED TO BOW TO OUR HOME-MADE GOODS

By Margaret Mason

New York, Nov. 6. — Made-in-U.-S.-A. fashions for the U. S. A. maiden are being formally presented today to some of our young multi-millionnaires, who until Wednesday night had never given a thought to the possibility of a gown daring to hail from any other place than dear Paree, with the accent and father's thoughts on the dear. The coming-out party for American fashions started last night at the Ritz, and judging from some of the exhibits in (and out) of the new evening gowns with the extreme southern exposure, "coming out" is good, although perhaps the past tense should have been used.

One hundred and twenty-five gowns with accompaniments calculated to put any ordinary father-or husband in a bankruptcy court, and each one guaranteed to have been designed and executed right on the Island of Manhattan, were exhibited, the Manequins being volunteers from the homes of some of New York's and Newport's idliest rich. The entire affair was given a Red-White-and-Blue George Cohanesque atmosphere—even to the point that no flowers but American beauties were shown. The intensity of the patriotism was manifest when a Russian wolfhound, used as a prop in one tableaux, was given the gate and took it.

Wednesday night's parade of "home-made" frocks nailed to the mast Fifth avenue's right to a permanent place in the sun of fashion. To be sure, Poiret, Worth, Redfern and Doucet for the nonce can worry to better advantage over the designs of German Zeppelinists than over the designs of American courtiers, but a start has been made and in all seriousness the present exhibit seems certain to lead to a state of affairs where the effects of the Rue de la Paix may be obtained by the Amer-

ican woman of fashion without the necessity of suffering either from mal de mer or an import duty. If nothing else has been accomplished it will be possible after the present exhibit for American designers to sew their own labels on their frocks and sell them on their merits. Heretofore it took an imported label to command a desirable price on any American-made garment, no matter what its artistic worth. According to the Fifth avenue designers they have no desire to get beyond the bounds of the Monroe doctrine, and the most they hope to accomplish for the immediate present is to be able to make their sales talk plain English and without the necessity of using a French accent.

New York's social register has been depleted by the list of patronesses for the fashion fete, and the turnout at the Ritz last night with its accompaniment of jewels and finery seemed to bear out President Wilson's ideas relative to the psychological hard times.

Gowns valued at \$70,000 in good round figures—some of them on round figures, not so good — and \$800,000 worth of jewelry designed and loaned by Gotham jewelers were exhibited. In consequence there were probably more fine-looking young men in the crowd than have been seen at a New York society gathering in any moons, the added touch being given by a flock of faultlessly attired fly-cops detailed to guard the loaned jewels. The bulls in the fashion shop were not meant to be distinguished from the others of New York's smart set, but class will tell and the cops seemed to be the class.

The fact was that despite the success of the fete, it must be admitted working under handicap. Whereas the Parisian designers have the pick of the peach crop of la belle France from which to select their manequins the exhibitors at the Ritz were forced